

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

A standard linear barcode consisting of vertical black lines of varying widths on a white background.

3 3433 06827287 5



Lee
—
ZT

The

Gordon Lester Ford

Collection

Presented by his Sons

Worthington Chauncy Ford

and
Paul Leicester Ford

to the

New York Public Library.

SCRIPTURAL HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO

SERMONS

DESIGNED

FOR REVIVALS.

BY CHAUNCEY LEE, D.D.

PASTOR OF A CHURCH IN COLEBROOK, (CONN.)

Then believed they his words; they sang his praise.

DAVID.

MIDDLETOWN, (CONN.)

PRINTED BY E. & H. CLARK.

1824.

DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, SS.

L. S. BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the third day of
***** January, in the forty-eighth year of the Independence
of the United States of America, CHAUNCEY LEE,
of the said District, hath deposited in this Office, the
title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words
following—to wit:

“ *Scriptural Hymns, adapted to Sermons designed for revivals.
By Chauncey Lee, D. D. Pastor of a Church in Colebrook,
(Conn.) Then believed they his words; they sang his praise.
David.”* ”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “ An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.”

CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,

Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,

Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

TO
ALL WHO DELIGHT IN THE WORD
AND
THE PRAISES OF GOD,
THIS
LITTLE MANUAL
OF
SCRIPTURAL HYMNS,
OFFERED
AS A TRIBUTE TO THE CAUSE
OF
REVIVALS;
IS
HUMBLY INSCRIBED, BY THEIR FRIEND AND
SERVANT IN CHRIST,
THE AUTHOR.

TABLE OF THE FIRST LINES.

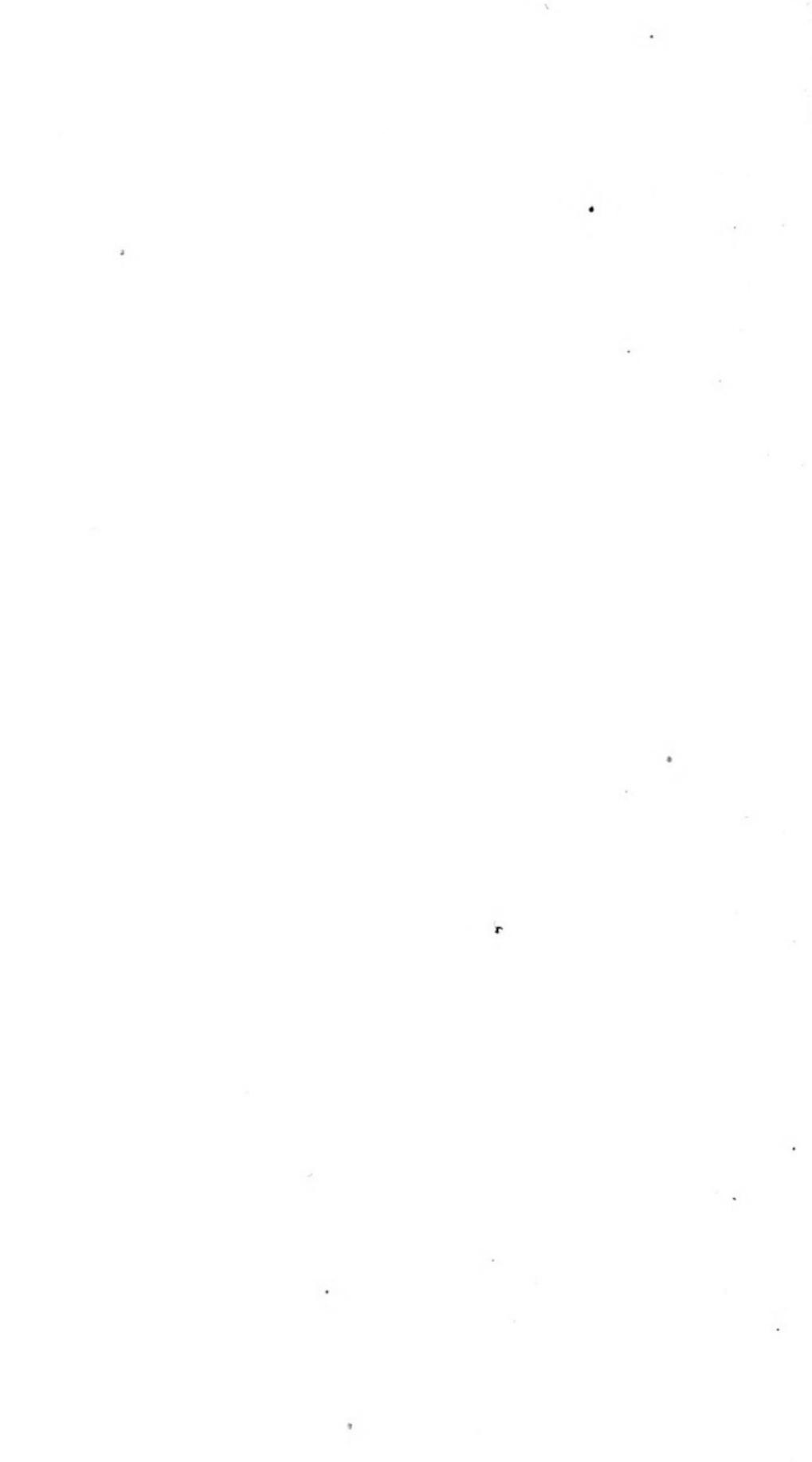


A DREARY scene unknown before,	22
A faithful saying—joyous, true,	32
Alas ! our wretched, ruin'd race,	25
Almighty God, our hearts prepare,	9
Almighty Lord, look down on me,	70
And does this hope remain for me?	71
An angry God, a Judge severe,	16
And is almighty wrath indeed,	15
And must the heirs of God,	56
And shall we still retain,	19
A question great is brought,	51
And what is man's chief end?	12
A solemn pause to selfish pride,	51
Awake our souls from airy dreams,	11
As in a clear reflecting glass,	42
 BEFORE thy face, O God, we fall,	30
Behold the grace of Zion's King,	45
 CHRIST'S faithful word, his solemn pledge,	<i>ib.</i>
Christ was a grievous stumbling-stone,	31
Creation's voice indeed hath taught,	29
Come out my people, saith the Lord,	52
 FATHER in heaven, to us draw near,	10
Father in heaven, I bow before thee,	69
Father, thy name I now invoke,	58
For this delightful season, Lord,	67
 GOD of our fathers, Zion's King,	65
Great God, before thine awful face,	37
Great was the day—a feast of love,	50
 HARK ! from the yawning pit below,	63
Hark ! 'twas the faithful Shepherd spoke,	36
Ho, all ye friends of Zion hear,	35
How beauteous and how fair,	54
How glorious is the grace of God,	32

TABLE.

How great the change by grace,	49
How holy is the Lord,	16
How is the soul by sin debas'd,	28
How perfect is the holy law,	43
How wretched is the state,	21
How wretched are ungodly men,	<i>ib.</i>
 INFINITE grace, creation through,	27
In israel's rest, and weary march,	59
In things unseen let faith be strong,	20
In principle and practice both,	54
Is such our solemn state,	17
It fills the heart with purest pleasure,	72
It strikes the deepest wound to pride,	29
 KIND Parent of our fallen race,	68
 LET th' ambitious and the great,	72
 MY soul, O Lord, admires,	23
 NO more the sinner seeks with pain,	48
No more with vain conceit perplex'd,	18
Now let our souls in God rejoice,	24
Now may the Spirit which inspir'd,	26
Now on Columbia's savage coast,	65
Now rent the veil—the curtains rise,	63
 O SAVIOUR, may thy powerful voice,	10
Of all the changes great and rare,	48
Oh, the amazing worth,	11
O'erspread with thickest shades of death,	18
Our carnal hearts will ne'er repent,	20
Our hearts and hands we raise,	53
 RELIGION is the great concern,	12
 SEE righteous Lot though much inclin'd,	41
Sure 'tis a solemn warning giv'n,	56
Sweet are the words the prophet us'd,	33
 TEACH us, O Lord, the great concern,	13
Thanks to thy name, Eternal God,	55
'The cloud now rais'd again,	59

The glorious Prince of light,	37
The grace of God to all is free,	47
The heavenly truth our ears hath reach'd,	39
The High and Holy One,	38
The King of grace, now greets his friends,	62
The law is holy, just and good,	44
The law of forms which angels spake,	40
The oracles of God unfold,	17
The Saviour's call salutes,	34
The signal trump was blown,	60
The sinner spoil'd of carnal peace,	43
Though nature's feeble light,	24
Thy message to receive,	9
To heal the wounds of sin,	50
The tribes of Israel struck with awe,	53
WHAT awful words our thoughts control,	41
What condescension in our Lord,	39
What doubts, distrust and fears,	27
We hail'd the Bethel-Flag unfurl'd,	70
We wait upon our blessed Lord,	47
When ent'ring on the heav'nly road,	14
When light and truth attention win,	15
When Christ on earth our pattern drew,	57
Whence all the light of modern days,	30
While in our ruin'd state,	34
With grateful hearts and tuneful lays,	68
Within these walls again we meet,	66
With joy and wonder let us trace,	46
Where Christ is known, his gospel giv'n,	25
"Why longer halt," the prophet cried,	14



SCRIPTURAL HYMNS.



HYMN FOR SERMON I. C. M.

The Message of God.—Judges iii. 20.

ALMIGHTY God our hearts prepare,
Thy message to receive ;
The solemn truths thy words declare,
Oh, help us to believe.

2. Th' attentive ear, the humble heart,
Are blessings from above ;
These gifts thou only canst impart,
And thou alone art—Love.

3. Let sloth, and pride, and unbelief,
With love of earth begone ;
To these our heart our ear be deaf—
And list to God alone.

4. Fill ev'ry soul with pure desire,—
Oh, hearken to our pray'r ;
In ev'ry heart let sin expire,
And Christ be formed there.



HYMN I. S. M.

The Message of God.

THY message to receive,
Our hearts, O God, prepare,
Through Christ the Lord, this blessing give,
In answer to our prayer.

2. Thy power is still the same,
Thy grace for ever free ;
Our num'rous wants thy mercy claim,
We trust alone in thee.

3. Let pride and ev'ry lust,
And unbelief be slain ;

All earthly cares and passions hush'd,
And fix'd attention reign.

4. Then may thy quick'ning word
Our hearts to thee incline ;
Our faith be strong, our joys restor'd,
And all the glory thine.

HYMN I. L. M.

The Message of God.

FATHER in Heav'n, to us draw near,
And with thy word, thy Spirit give ;
Prepare our hearts thy word to hear,
Thy gracious message to receive.

2. Th' attentive ear, the feeling mind,
The humble, understanding heart,
Are clusters from the heav'nly vine ;—
Oh, to our souls this fruit impart.

3. To us Christ's ministers are sent,
To us, the great salvation's taught ;
With bleeding hearts, may we repent,
And to thy standard all resort.

4. Let unbelief be far away,
Be ev'ry sinful passion slain ;
And though we long have gone astray,
Now turn us to thyself again.

HYMN FOR SERMON II. C. M.

The worth of the soul.—Mark viii. 36, 37.

O SAVIOUR, may thy powerful voice
Our scurid course control—
Ah, what the gain—for earthly toys,
To lose the precious soul !

2. Heirs of immortal bliss or woe,
In God's own image made ;
Lords of creation here below,
For whom the Saviour bled ;

3. Shall we forget our noble birth,
While tenants of a clod,—

Contented, barter heav'n for earth,
And cast away our God?

4. Forbid it, Lord—thy grace bestow,
From death and darkness save;
Be thou our God, while here below,
Our heav'n beyond the grave.

HYMN II. S. M.

The worth of the soul.

OH the amazing worth
Of an immortal soul!

What tongue can set its value forth,
What mind conceive the whole?

2. With noblest powers endow'd,
For highest ends design'd,
Though born on earth, 'twas made for God,
And bought with blood divine.

3. In heavenly joys 'twill range,
Or sink in endless pain;
Who can this pearl for earth exchange,
And madly boast of gain?

4. Saviour, I hear thy word,
My all to thee resign;
It is enough—to know the Lord—
Enough, if thou art mine.

HYMN II. L. M.

The worth of the soul.

AWAKE our souls from airy dreams,
To reason's voice, to truth attend;
Ye slaves of earth, now check your schemes,
And listen to your heavenly Friend.

2. “ What were your gain—the question press—
Count well the profit and the cost;—
Should you the whole of earth possess,
And then your precious soul be lost?”

3. Folly and madness mark their ways,
Who have in God, nor hope nor trust ;
But labour vainly all their days,
To gather heaps of yellow dust.

4. Rise then my soul—shake off this load,
A better, brighter portion trace—
Thy happiness repose in God,
In heaven secure a dwelling-place.

HYMN FOR SERMON III. C. M.

The importance of Religion.—Prov. iv. 7.

RELIGION is the great concern
Of mortals here below ;
It is the lesson all must learn,
True happiness to know.

2. It reconciles the heart to God,
It grieves for every sin ;
'Tis faith in Christ's atoning blood,
And peace to dying men.

3. It fills the soul with heavenly light,
Where darkness reign'd before ;
Gives joy for sorrow, day for night,
And blesses all our store.

4. For this rich gift, O Lord, I pray,
I ask no other good ;
Take what thou wilt besides away,—
But leave to me, my God.

HYMN III. S. M.

The importance of Religion.

AND what is man's chief end,—
But God to serve and praise?—
On this our present joys depend,
Our hopes of future peace.

2. The soul that is possess'd
Of wisdom from above,

Foretastes the joys of heavenly rest,
Repentance, faith and love.

3. Religion hath the power
To save from endless wrath ;
Support us in affliction's hour,
And smooth the bed of death.

4. Its truth, the word confirms,
The pardon seal'd with blood ;
The promise every fear disarms,
And kindles hope in God.

5. Let this my bosom fill,
Though left of earthly joys,
I'll be resign'd to every ill,
And triumph in my choice.

HYMN III. L. M.

The importance of Religion.

TEACH us, O Lord, the great concern,
To know thy will, thy name to love,
From thy bless'd word our duty learn,
And gain the wisdom from above.

2. Religion, richest blessing giv'n,
Fountain of all our joys below,
Bids mortals raise their eyes to heav'n,
In scenes of darkness and of woe.

3. Religion must be all in all,
Would we th' immortal prize obtain,
Retrieve the ruins of our fall,
And 'scape the death of endless pain.

4. Send thy good Spirit, Lord, we pray,
To sanctify and cleanse our heart ;—
May we repent, believe, obey,
And from thy service ne'er depart.

5. Conduct us by thy truth and grace,
Through life's benighted, wilder'd way ;
And when the vale of death we pass,
Receive us to eternal day.

HYMN FOR SERMON IV. C. M.

Indecision in Religion, unreasonable, sinful, and ruinous.

1 Kings xviii. 21.

- “WHY longer halt,” the prophet cried,
And Israel put to shame;
“The Lord, if God, why then denied?
If Baal, follow him.”
2. The question struck—so justly blam’d.
In speechless awe they stood;—
The fire descended, all exclaim’d,
“The Lord alone is God.”
3. How blind and stupid is the heart,
And course of carnal men!
They halt in doubt, from God depart,
And choose the ways of sin!
4. Reason and truth the choice refuse,
And conscience charges fault;—
The ways of God they ought to choose,
And never doubt or halt.

HYMN IV. L. M.

Indecision in Religion, &c.

WHEN ent’ring on the heavenly road,
And marching homeward to our God,
Our hearts from sloth and shame revolt,
We linger first, then doubt and halt.

2. But half determin’d to obey,
And undelighted with the way,
We heartless drag in virtue’s path,
Or stop and choose the road to death.
3. Can joys of earth, can empty wind
Have charms to feast th’ immortal mind?
Wisdom denies, with kindest voice,
And offers pure, substantial joys.
4. “Enter,” she cries, “the narrow way,
No longer doubt, no longer stray;
Mercy invites thee to thy God,
And lures thee to his bright abode.”

HYMN IV. *As the 146th Psalm. P. M.**Indecision in Religion, &c.*

WHEN light and truth attention win,
And conscience touch'd, is pain'd with sin;
Our disobedient hearts revolt;—
When ent'ring on the heavenly road,
And marching homeward to our God—
Oh shall we linger—shall we halt?—

2. Yet thus to sin, by nature prone,
And led by selfish views alone,
We heartless drag in virtue's path;—
But half determin'd to obey,
And disinclin'd to keep the way,
We stop, and shipwreck make of faith.

3. Sufficient are the joys of earth
For creatures of immortal birth?—
Let Reason, Scripture, Conscience tell:
Here Wisdom lifts her mighty voice,
Presenting pure, substantial joys,
And bids us flee the path to hell.

4. Enter the strait and narrow way,—
Time swiftly flies—make no delay—
Mercy invites thee to thy God:
On eagles' wings, then mount and rise
To those fair mansions in the skies,
And reach the bright, the bless'd abode.

HYMN FOR SERMON V. C. M.

God angry with the wicked.—Psalms viii. 11.

AND is Almighty wrath, indeed,
Incens'd at every sin?
Hath God the righteous Judge decreed
To punish rebel men?

2. Yes—anger rests upon his foe,
And ever shall endure—
Justice ordains the sinner's woe,
And goodness makes it sure.

3. For him nor help, nor hope remain,
The guilt of sin t' atone;

Deli'rance from eternal pain,
Is found in Christ alone.

4. Then let us tremble at his word,
With grief our sins confess ;
By faith receive our bleeding Lord.
And triumph in his grace.
-

HYMN V. S. M.

God angry with the wicked.

- How holy is the Lord,
An angry Judge severe !
If Christians tremble at his word,
What must the sinner fear ?
 2. The law condemns him now,
And goodness seals his doom ;
That hidden wrath, which here is slow,
Will burst beyond the tomb.
 3. Then where shall sinners fly,
Thus wretched and undone ?
They must on God's free grace rely,
And seek it in his Son.
 4. To this safe refuge haste,
And find a peaceful home ;
Christ is the only hiding place,—
He shelters all that come.
-

HYMN V. L. M.

God angry with the wicked.

An angry God—a Judge severe,
How just, how holy is the Lord !
While Christians hope with humble fear,
Let sinners tremble at his word.

2. His law condemns the wicked now,
And goodness seals their awful doom ;
But wrath, though here unseen and slow,
Will burst and burn beyond the tomb.
3. Where then may hope and peace be found ?
My trembling anxious heart inquires ;

A hope secure, on solid ground,
No phantom which the world inspires.

4. Dear Saviour, friend of sinners, hear,
And on me lift thy smiling face ;
My sins forgive—wipe every tear,
And bid me taste thy cheering grace.
-

HYMN FOR SERMON VI. C. M.

*The present state, a trial of moral character.—Rom.
ii. 6—9.*

THE oracles of God unfold,
His great, eternal plan ;
We by unerring truth are told,
The present state of man.

2. Justice and grace shall well divide
Rewards to small and great ;—
This life the trial will decide,
And fix our endless state.
 3. They who with patient constancy
In righteous ways are found,
Who live for God and heaven, shall be
With joys immortal crown'd.
 4. But impious wretches, foes of grace,
With eyes in darkness clos'd,
Obedient to unrighteousness,
To God and truth oppos'd ;
 5. On such will Christ due vengeance take
With indignation dire,
In hell, a deep and shoreless lake
Of everlasting fire.
 6. Now let a faithful care abound,
Our heart and life survey ;
Oh, may our souls in Christ be found,
On that decisive day.
-

HYMN VI. S. M.

The present state, a trial of moral character.

Is such our solemn state,
To waken hopes and fears ;

The gracious promise, awful threat,
Now sounding in our ears ?

2. They who with spirits meek,
Shall guard their lives from sin,
By steadfast virtue, glory seek,
Eternal life shall win.

3. But they who madly dare
Against their God rebel,
Shall reap, with sorrow and despair,
Their recompense in hell.

4. O God, our hearts direct,
And fill our lips with praise ;—
Let every thought be circumspect,
And holy all our ways.

HYMN VI. L. M.

Christian patience rewarded.

No more with vain conceit perplex'd,
Let conscience wake, devotion burn ;
This life examine by the next,
And to thy God, my soul return.

2. How rich the blessings God prepares
For all the patient heirs of grace !
Courage, ye saints—wipe off your tears,
And cheerful run the heavenly race.

3. Though sharp your trials, yet how light,
When with the joys above compar'd—
A throne to win—a crown so bright—
Oh, shall the terms be thought too hard ?

4. Be patient then—let hope arise,
And faith and love your hands employ ;
Till welcome death ;—then seize the prize,
With songs of gratitude and joy.

HYMN FOR SERMON VII. C. M.

The guilt of Unbelief.—John xiv. 9.

O'ERSPREAD with darkest shades of death,
A world in ruin lies ;

But God suspends deserved wrath,—
A Saviour bleeds and dies.

2. The Spirit comes with man to strive,
And cause the blind to see ;
He bids the dying sinner live,
The wretched slave be free.

3. But Oh, the guilt of unbelief,
This mercy to despise,—
That haughty sinners spurn relief
From such a sacrifice !

4. With harden'd heart and closed eyes,
The blind, presumptuous wretch
Makes war with heaven, and crucifies
The Son of God afresh.

5. On such rebellion, Christ the Lord
Will ample vengeance take ;
Fulfil the threat'nings of his word,
And foes his footstool make.

6. Fill us, O Lord, with faith and love,
And penitential grief ;
Far from our hearts, that plague remove ;—
The sin of unbelief.

HYMN VII. S. M.

The guilt of unbelief.

AND shall we still retain
The monster unbelief—
Our hearts relentless, mov'd in vain,
Feel no repenting grief ?

2. Alas how deaf their ears,
How blind their hearts to guilt,
Who caus'd the Saviour's bitter tears—
For whom his blood was spilt !

3. Amazing, humbling thought !
What base ingratitude !
What more than hellish guilt is fraught,
In dying love withstood !

4. And shall the Gospel woo
Our harden'd hearts in vain—

The Father, Son and Spirit too,
Be spurn'd by dying men ?

5. Saviour, for us who bled,
Now bring thy Spirit nigh,
And with the blood our hands have shed,
Oh save us, or we die.

HYMN VII. L. M.

The guilt of unbelief.

OUR carnal hearts will ne'er repent,
Nor pride the grace of God receive,
Till his almighty Spirit sent,
With power, shall bring us to believe.

2. So deadly are the wounds of sin,
The blood of Christ alone can heal ;
So strong its reigning power within,
The Spirit bows the stubborn will.
 3. Grace only can to life restore,
The work is God's, the praise his due ;
Redeem'd by price, renew'd by power,
We must be bought, and conquer'd too.
 4. Convince us, Lord, of sin and shame,
The wretched pity, pardon, save ;
Then shall we love and praise thy name,
On earth, and when beyond the grave.
-

HYMN FOR SERMON VIII. L. M.

The wicked miserable and ruined.—Rom. iii. 16, 17.

In things unseen let faith be strong,
And meek-ey'd pity drop a tear,
To view the wretched, ruin'd throng,
Thoughtless of death and judgment near.

2. In empty cares and ceaseless strife,
The way of peace to them unknown,
They dream of joys, through joyless life,
And soon in clouds their sun goes down.
3. No solid comfort cheers their breasts,
In scenes of wealth and grandeur giv'n ;
They've no support when troubles press,
At death, no friend in earth or heav'n.

4. Mis'ry attends their every step,
Their path is to destruction's bourne ;
They strive to sing, though others weep,
And vainly laugh, while Christians mourn.

5. But ah ! the sting, the inward call,
Conscience with voice of terror warns ;
Their pleasant cup is mix'd with gall,
Their flow'ry path with planted thorns.

6. Alas ! what plagues await at death !
When God shall punish, who withstands ?
They fall beneath almighty wrath—
In hell are burning, quenchless brands.

HYMN VIII. C. M.

The misery of the wicked.

How wretched are ungodly men—
With restless steps they roam,
In search of peace, they cannot gain,
Nor hope for joys to come.

2. In the dull round of sensual joys,
Repeated o'er and o'er,
The service tires, the pleasure cloys—
But still they dream of more.

3. Though conscience oft asserts its sway,
And fills them with remorse,
They still pursue the downward way,
Nor fear the dreadful curse.

4 Their vicious thirst, O Lord, destroy,
~~And~~ plant desires of grace ;
Give them to taste substantial joy
And find true happiness.

HYMN VIII. *As the 148th Psalm. P. M.*

The wicked miserable.

How wretched is the state
Of souls enslav'd by sin ;
And Oh, what plagues await
The guilty course they're in !

Nor tongue can tell,
Nor mind conceive,
And no reprieve
Is found in hell.

2. A joyless life they spend,
Without a God, or hope ;
In heaven they have no friend,
On earth can find no prop :

By conscience driv'n,
Bereft of ease,
They have no peace,
No hope of heav'n.

3. When frowning death appears,
And aims his fatal dart,
What dark foreboding fears
Distract their bursting heart !

The dreadful blow
No arm can stay,
But torn away
They sink to woe.

4. Now every hope denied,
Bereft of every good,
They must the wrath abide
Of an avenging God.

No mercy there
Will greet their ear,
Or wipe the tear
Of black despair.

5. Sinners awake, attend,
And flee from wrath to come,
Make Christ the Judge your friend,
And heaven will be your home.

His mercy nigh,
Now calls from death,
And points the path
To joys on high.

HYMN FOR SERMON IX. C. M.

Spiritual death and resurrection.—Ezek. xxxvii. 7—9.

A DREARY SCENE UNKNOWN BEFORE,
The Seer in vision spied ;

- A spacious valley, whiten'd o'er
With scatter'd bones and dried.
2. The house of Israel, church of God,
Was thus in figure shown,
In state of nature—sin-destroy'd,
And rais'd by grace alone.
3. The high command of God is giv'n,
“ Ye dry bones live again ;”—
Ezekiel speaks the word of heav'n,
And straight the bones are men.
4. The quick'ning winds obedient meet,
And breathe upon the slain ;
The resurrection is complete—
A host of living men !
5. 'Tis thus dead sinners live again,
By God's almighty power ;
The Spirit breathes upon the slain ;
They rise to die no more.
6. Come Holy Ghost, celestial Dove,
The Saviour's grace reveal ;
Fill us with faith which works by love
And fire our hearts with zeal.
-

HYMN IX. S. M.

Spiritual death and resurrection.

- My soul, O Lord, admires
The wisdom of thy word,
I love the duties it requires,
The truths its leaves afford.
2. In all thy wond'rous ways,
I own thy sovereign hand ;
Thy works of nature and of grace,
The highest praise demand.
3. We are like scatter'd bones,
And dead, alas, in sins ;
The precious blood of Christ atones,
His Spirit works to cleanse,
4. And as a heavenly wind,
With soul reviving breeze,

Inspires with life the carnal mind,
From death and darkness frees.

5. The Gospel must be preach'd,
The means of grace be tried,
That sleeping conscience may be reach'd,
And heavenly truth applied:

6. But men and means exert
In vain, their feeble powers;
God's grace alone revives the heart,
And life divine restores.

HYMN IX. L. M.

Spiritual death and resurrection.

Now let our souls in God rejoice,
His name with humble reverence praise,
May lifeless sinners hear his voice,
And rise exulting in his grace.

2. All glory to the sacred Three
Whose power dead bones can animate,
Make satan's wretched captives free,
Their souls in Christ anew create.

3. Let all possessing grace to live,
Who have this resurrection known,
The Spirit praise, and glory give
To God the Father, and the Son.

4. Oh, may the vale with bones o'erspread,
Soon hear his voice, and feel his might;—
Sleepers awake—arise ye dead,
And Christ the Lord shall give you light.

HYMN FOR SERMON X. S. M.

The condemnation of the heathen.—Rom. i. 32

THOUGH nature's feeble light
Was all the heathen knew,
Yet conscience taught them what is right,
And brought their crimes to view.

2. But though convinc'd full well
That God's fierce anger burn'd,

They bent their stubborn course to hell,
Nor from destruction turn'd.

3. With ev'ry sin defil'd
They neither tear'd nor felt ;
Though God renounc'd them—yet they smil'd,
Well pleas'd at others' guilt.
 4. The heathens' awful crimes,
Our greater guilt reprove ;
For we, tho' now the gospel shines—
Yet slight a Saviour's love.
-

HYMN X. C. M.

The condemnation of the heathen.

ALAS, our wretched, ruin'd race,
Oppos'd to truth and right ;
Estrang'd from God, we're foes to grace,
And blind in clearest light !

2. In high conceit, we proudly talk
Of reason—nature—God ;
We reason madly—still we walk
The broad, the downward road.
 3. In vain is all our selfish art,
Our boasted wisdom vain ;—
God only can renew the heart,
And reason give to men.
 4. To God whose holy word is given,
Our warmest thanks we pay—
O precious Bible—light of Heaven,
To guide our doubtful way !
 5. Content—we search no foreign land,
For knowledge dearly bought ;
The things of God,—the whole of Man,
Are here divinely taught.
-

HYMN X. L. M.

The aggravated guilt of sinners under the Gospel.

WHERE Christ is known, his Gospel giv'n,
And means bestow'd in rich supplies,

How great their guilt in sight of heav'n,
Who slight this grace, these means despise ?

2. If they in heathen darkness knew,
(Though only taught by nature's light,) That wrath divine to them was due
And punishment from God be right :
 3. What mighty scales their guilt can weigh,
Who under gospel light rebel,
And practise sin in open day,
Regardless both of heaven and hell ?
 4. Will not the charge of Pagan guilt,
Compar'd with theirs, be light and small ? And heavier wrath by them be felt,
When God shall both to judgment call ?
-

HYMN FOR SERMON XI. C. M.

Divine Clemency.—Psalms lxxxvi. 5.

Now may the Spirit which inspir'd
The holy David's breast,
Which glow'd with hope, devotion fir'd—
On this assembly rest.

2. Good is the Lord, and kind his ways,
In him our trust is plac'd ;
Let creatures all resound his praise,
For all his goodness taste.
3. His mercy though above the skies,
Is near the penitent :
His ear is open to their cries,
From dust and ashes sent.
4. Rejoice, he is a pard'ning God,
He hears and answers prayer ;
He makes his grace be known abroad,
And saints his constant care.
5. Let doubts be banish'd from the mind,
And prayer his goodness prove,
Then plenteous mercy shall we find,
And know his name is—Love.

HYMN XI. S. M.

Divine Clemency.

WHAT doubts, distrust and fears
Possess the sinner's mind !
Within his breast he oft inquires,
If God Most High be kind.

2. His guilt and danger stare,
And slavish fears impel ;
He kneels reluctant, begs in prayer,
To save his soul from hell.
3. He trusts in self alone,
His prayers and tears and vows ;
He hopes for sin he shall atone,
And God his cause espouse.
4. But vain his selfish hope,
As empty as the air—
He will not yield his idol up,
Nor God regard his prayer.
5. In this to persevere,
Is more than can be borne ;
In sullen grief he wipes his tear,
Desponding and forlorn.
6. Oh sinner, 'tis thy pride,
That bars the mercy-seat ;—
Lay all thy selfish hopes aside,
And to thy God submit.
7. Then will thy light arise—
Thy thankful lips declare,
That, “ songs of praise have follow'd sighs
And God hath heard my prayer.”

HYMN XI. L. M.

Divine Clemency.

INFINITE grace, creation through,
Shines in the High and Holy One ;
His gifts he pours on all below,
Both from his footstool and his throne.

2. The contrite soul with sin distress'd,
Our God is *ready to forgive* ;

He seals the pardon bought by Christ,
And makes the dying sinner live.

3. *Plenteous in mercy* to his saints,
Whene'er they raise a suppliant cry;
He hears and pities their complaints,
And grants a speedy, full supply.

4. For them he gave his Son to die,
His Spirit every grace imparts;
He brings the great salvation nigh,
And stamps his image on their hearts.

5. Then let our prayers unceasing flow,
Nor doubt his kind and faithful care;
All needful good will God bestow,
In answer to our humble prayer.

HYMN FOR SERMON XII. C. M.

Covering sin the way to ruin.—Prov. xxviii. 13.

How is the soul by sin debas'd,
Of real worth bereft—
Truth, friendship, honour are effac'd,
Nor honesty is left.

2. But he who seeks by flatt'ring pride,
His sins to cover o'er,
Vainly attempts from God to hide,
Or 'scape his wrathful pow'r.

3. Examples in his word declare
To unbelieving men,
No plea avail'd, however fair,
Design'd to cover sin.

4. The righteous Judge of quick and dead,
Will not the guilty clear;
His truth and justice have decreed,
And sure his threat'nings are.

5. There is an awful scene at hand,
Which he one day will meet,
When sham'd and trembling he must stand
Before the judgment-seat.

6. Then to the vast assembled world,
His deeds shall be disclos'd,

His guilty soul to darkness hurl'd
And reap immortal woes.

HYMN XII. L. M.

Covering sin the way to ruin.

It strikes the deepest wound to pride,
When men their conscious guilt confess ;
And hence their sins are oft denied,
Or cover'd with a specious dress.

2. It is the never-dying worm,
Gnawing within the tortur'd breast ;—
When pleas no longer pride can form,—
Adieu for ever to his rest.

3. How many vain attempts are made
To hide the inward shame he feels ?
He shuns the light, and seeks the shade,
And justifies, or else conceals.

4. But all his crimes will God disclose,
And secret sins in clearest light—
Then the lov'd darkness, here he chose,
Shall blacken into endless night.

HYMN FOR SERMON XIII. C. M.

The light of nature ineffectual.—Rom. i. 21.

CREATION's voice indeed hath taught,
That God is great and good ;
Yet human reason never brought
A sinner home to God.

2. If this be doubted, facts attest
What is by men denied,
The truth by conscience is confess'd,
And shuns the mouth of pride.

3. Cast back thine eyes beyond our span,
Search every age throughout ;
What says the history of man,
To raise the smallest doubt ?

4. That God is holy, just and kind,
The ancient heathen knew ;

Yet sin prevail'd, and o'er their mind,
A veil of darkness drew.

5. They neither lov'd nor fear'd his name,
Nor worship'd him in words ;
The meanest things their homage claim,
Reptiles, and beasts, and birds.
 6. Knowledge will not proud self dethrone,
Nor means the heart instruct—
The mighty power of God alone,
The sting of death can pluck.
-

HYMN XIII. L. M.

The light of nature ineffectual.

WHENCE all the light of modern days,
The duties known—the truths that blaze—
The means afforded—motives giv'n,
To form the soul for God and Heav'n ?

2. Time was, as sacred hist'ry shews,
When all the nations—but the Jews,
Knew not the God who gave them birth ;—
And darkness overspread the earth.
 3. The glimm'ring light of nature shin'd,
To guide the wayward wand'ring mind ;
But still the way of life unknown,
They only knew they were undone.
 4. It is thy blessed Gospel, Lord,
Thy Holy Spirit and thy Word,
Which chase the darkness—make our day,
Invite to Heaven, and point the way.
-

PART II. L. M.

The light of nature ineffectual.

BEFORE thy face, O God, we fall,
And humbly supplicate thy grace,
We own our vile original,
And all our countless sins confess.

2. Let not benighted heathen rise
To enhance our guilt and punishment ;

But open, Lord, our blinded eyes,
And make our stubborn hearts repent.

3. May sin, though dress'd in fairest hue,
Loathsome and vile as hell appear—
Thy Son be precious in our view,
And holiness our only care.

4. Let faith and patience mark our way,
The cause of Christ our lives employ ;
That we at last may hear him say,
“Enter my kingdom—reap my joy.”



HYMN FOR SERMON XIV. C. M.

Self-righteousness insufficient.—Rom. ix. 31, 32.

CHRIST was a grievous stumbling-stone,
To proud, self-righteous Jews—
But why did they God's grace disown,
His Gospel, why refuse ?

2. The Saviour's doctrine they withheld ;
Their boast of Moses made ;
“We're Abraham's seed—our Father, God”—
Vaingloriously they said.

3. Their peace with God, they hop'd to draw
From deeds their hands had done,
In feign'd obedience to his law ;—
And crucified his Son.

4. This selfish spirit, false and vain,
Still reigns in sinful worms ;
Men's hearts and hopes the same remain,
Nor differ but in forms.

5. The gospel is a glorious plan,
Th' Eternal God did trace ;
From wrath to save rebellious man,
And glorify his grace.

6. Our works are worthless—faith alone,
Can justify the soul ;
The blood of Christ for sins atone,
His Spirit make us whole.

HYMN FOR SERMON XV. C. M.

*The mediation of Christ, the only hope of sinners.—
1 Tim. i. 15.*

How glorious is the grace of God,
How dear the Saviour's name,
Who bought us with his precious blood,
And cancels all our shame !

2. This was his errand down to earth,
Th' instruction of his tongue ;

Angels announç'd it at his birth,
And heaven in raptures, sung.

3. " I came the lost to seek," he cried,
" Your ruin'd race to save ;—

For this I labour'd, bled and died,
And slumber'd in the grave !"

4. No sins so many, or so great,
Or hearts too hard to woo,
But what his blood can expiate,
His power and grace subdue.

5. Oh, 'tis a saying faithful, true,
That Jesus came to save—

Our hearts, with joy the theme pursue,
In faith, the blessing crave.

6. The glorious host of saints on high,
Around the throne of God,
" Worthy the Lamb," for ever cry,
" Who sav'd us by his blood."

HYMN XV. L. M.

The mediation of Christ, the only hope of sinners

" A faithful saying—joyous, true,
That Christ hath our salvation sought ;"
Th' apostle cried, and well he knew,
By grace and inspiration taught.

2. A faithful saying—we respond,
Christ Jesus came to save the lost—
And such are we—but yet are found—
His love was equal to the cost.

3. 'Tis worthy of our chief regard,
Our hopes, our fears, our duty call—
For all are lost, and Christ the Lord,
The only Saviour is for all.

4. How joyful was a Saviour's birth!—
To celebrate his glorious praise,
Glad angels wing'd their way to earth,
And tun'd their harps to choicest lays.

5. Let grateful earth their songs repeat,
And hail the sweet release from sin;
The great salvation is complete,
The only hope for dying men.

HYMN FOR SERMON XVI. C. M.

The blessings of Redemption.—Luke i. 79.

SWEET are the words the prophet us'd,
And rich, if understood—
His heart was full—his tongue unloos'd,
He spake and praised God.

2. Great is the theme, his audience charms,
What joy his words impart!—
The harbinger was in his arms,
And Jesus in his heart.

3. The high commission was to John,
To go before the Lord;
But higher still to God's dear Son,
The bless'd th' incarnate Word.

4. He came to ransom rebel men,
And make our sorrows cease;
To gild with light the darksome scence,
And point our path to peace.

5. 'Tis his to cleanse, to pardon sin,
And give the joys of faith;
Oh, let our praises now begin,
And never cease till death.

6. Then shall th' eternal praise commence,
To Christ our heavenly King;
The harps of angels, songs of saints,
In endless concert ring.

HYMN XVI. *As the 122d Psalm.* P. M.*The blessings of Redemption.*

WHILE in our ruin'd state
 In darkness we are set,
 O'erspread with thickest shades of death ;
 Till Christ the Prince of light,
 Restores the blind to sight,
 And guides us in the peaceful path,

2. The sun from day to day,
 Instructs us by his ray,
 Creation speaks its Maker's hand ;
 But nature's book is veil'd,
 Our eyes by sin are seal'd,
 We neither see nor understand.

3. The Scriptures though most plain,
 Unmeaning are and vain,
 Like dials in a cloudy day ;
 We read in unbelief,
 We hear and yet are deaf,
 In darkness walk and lose our way.

4. But when with light divine,
 He makes the Scriptures shine,
 And to the heart his truth convey ;
 His grace dispels the night,
 The blind receive their sight,
 And leap rejoicing in the day.

5 How rich the grace we sing,
 In praise to Zion's King,
 'Tis heaven his smiling face to see ;
 Then let us serve him here,
 In love and holy fear,
 And praise him to eternity.



HYMN FOR SERMON XVII. S. M.

The Church called to awake.—Isaiah lvii. 14.

THE Saviour's call salutes
 Our ears with glad surprise ;

" Awake ye sleepers—speak ye mutes,
And to your work arise.

2. The ruin'd path repair,
Each stumbling-block remove,
That every heart may richly share
The blessings of my love.

3. I come—behold me near,
My goodness to display,
Your thirsty fainting souls to cheer ;—
Prepare the Lord his way.

4. Your hearts and ways amend,
All wand'ring steps retrace ;
On persevering prayer attend,
And supplicate my grace.

5. Soon you shall hail the scene
Of heavenly fruits in bloom,
The fields of Zion dress'd in green,
And joy your path illume."

6. Then all our fears away,
Let hope and joy arise,
And every heart and hand obey
The Ruler of the skies.

HYMN XVII. L. M.

The Church called to awake.

Ho, all ye friends of Zion hear !
And every stumbling-block remove ;—
List to the call who have an ear,
Be all obedient, who can love.

2. The way is cumber'd, calls for strength,
Join every hand, the work sustain ;—
Great is the motive—rouse at length,
Success shall well reward your pain.

3. Poor Christless souls with pity view,
For whom the Saviour groan'd and died ;
His grace they need, as well as you,
And surely perish, if denied.

4. Then humbly seek, to duty turn,
Your lives amend without delay :

Shall sinners wake, or souls be born,
While Christians dream, but do not pray?

5. Jesus his power and grace reveals,
His people shout the Conqueror home—
Oh, when you hear his chariot wheels,
Will you not pray him—*hither come?*

6. Prepare, prepare the Lord his way,
Hasten and let the work be done;
Have you no heart to sing?—then pray—
And wrestle—if you cannot run.

HYMN FOR SERMON XVIII. C. M.

The Church awaking at the call of Christ.—Songs v. 2.

HARK! 'twas the faithful Shepherd spoke,
The Bridegroom sure is near—
Now at my door, I hear him knock,
And soon he will appear.

2. “Open to me, my Sister, Spouse,
My undefiled Dove;—
No longer trample on thy vows,
Or slight my dying love.

3. Thy heart so long thou hast withheld,
And shut me from thy view,
The drops have on my head distill'd,
My locks are wet with dew.”

4. I hear with mingled joy and grief,
And hope seems on the wing;
And while he chides my unbelief,
I tremble as I sing.

5. 'Tis true alas! such guilt is mine,
And such my nameless woe—
Yet speak the word, that, *I am thine,*—
My joy shall overflow.

6. To love and thee I now awake,
I am and will be thine;—
Open, my heart—arise and take
The King of glory in.

HYMN FOR SERMON XIX. L. M.

Prayer, the condition of promised spiritual blessings.—Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

GREAT God, before thine awful face,
With suppliant hearts we humbly bow ;
Our trust is in thy sovereign grace—
Oh, lend thine ear, accept our vow.

2. To bring proud man to know the Lord,
Is thy prerogative alone ;

Thy Holy Spirit, and thy word,
Have power to soften hearts of stone.

3. Thus saith the Lord, to every saint,
(Let faith revive, and love obey,) I will be sought ;—my blessings grant,

But only when my people pray.

4. Thy praises, Lord, our songs employ,
For all thy promis'd faithful care ;

Thanks to thy name that worms enjoy
The precious privilege of prayer.

5. It is thy condescension, Lord,
Thy grace immeasurably great,
Which wrote the promise in thy word,
And calls us to a mercy-seat.

6. Now warm our souls with holy fire,
Thy Spirit all our words indite—

Our hearts inflame with pure desire,
Let prayer, our duty, be delight.

HYMN FOR SERMON XX. S. M.

The Gospel call and offer.—Isaiah xlvi. 22.

THE glorious Prince of light,
The King of heavenly birth,
In condescension infinite,
Aloud proclaims to earth ;—

2. “ Attend ye nations all,
Beneath the circling sun—

To you I send the kindest call,
To you my grace make known.

3. To me now look and live,
All other trust disclaim ;
In penitence and faith receive
Salvation, through my name.

4. Your heavy debt is paid,
(I bore it on the tree)
Justice aveng'd, the Law obey'd,
And grace divinely free.

5. Your righteousness is void,
True peace it never gave ;
By faith obey—*for I am God,*
My arm alone can save.”

6. Saviour, we hear thy call,
Oh, help us to obey ;—
Now at thy feet we prostrate fall,
For pardon, humbly pray.

HYMN XX. *As the 122d Psalm. P. M.**The Gospel call and offer.*

THE High and Holy One,

The Saviour from his throne,

Proclaims his grace—O Earth attend!

Now let my high behest

Resound from east to west,

And reach to earth's remotest end.

2. I am th' Almighty Lord,

And life awaits my word,

My grace is sure—my name is God ;

From sin, to set you free,

By faith, now look to me,

And reap salvation bought with blood.

3. The glories of my name,

My grace and power the same,

Invite your trust, command esteem ;

My sufferings for sin,

Can guilty, wretched men,

From ruin, death, and hell redeem.

4. Our faith and hope now won,

Vile unbelief begone,

Let none distrust the Saviour's love :

Come sinners as you are,

Come try and trust his care,
And all his faithful mercies prove.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXI. C. M.

Christ's benefits adapted to sinners' wants.—Rev. iii. 18.

WHAT condescension in our Lord!

How kind his counsels giv'n !

Open the pages of his word,

And raise your hearts to heav'n.

2. "Ye blind, self-righteous, naked, poor;
Now hearken and believe;

Come purchase freely—at my store,
A full supply receive.

3. Here gold awaits thee, pure and bright.
Which 'hath the furnace pass'd ;—

Here shining garments, clean and white,
That shall for ever last.

4. Anoint thine eyes and sight restore,
Thy harm and help to see ;
Then, naked, blind, and poor no more,
Rejoice and trust in me."

5. Lord we believe—with hearts awake,
We come at thy command ;
With longing eyes, we reach to take
The bounties of thy hand.

6. Our pride we now in dust bemoan,
And hate the sinful way ;
Hence may we live to thee alone,
And go no more astray.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXII. C. M.

The slothful reproved.—Hosea x. 12.

THE heavenly truth, our ears hath reach'd
Our stupid sloth alarms ;—

What prophets sang—apostles preach'd,
The Saviour Christ confirms.

2. "Mortals, break up your fallow-ground,
Nor sow among the thorns ;"—

The sharp reproof which here is found.
The slothful sinner warns.

3. The idling fool who will not sow,
Yet fondly hopes to reap ;
Or he who slumbers o'er the plough,
In harvest, wakes to weep.
 4. The sacred duty is express,
This truth in mem'ry keep—
*“Sow to yourselves in righteousness,
In sovereign mercy reap.”*
 5. The present life the seed-time, is
Whence dearth and harvest flow,
The faithful soul shall rise to bliss,
The sluggard sink to woe.
 6. Oh, then the precious gift improve,
‘Tis time to seek the Lord ;
Implore the blessings of his love,
Th' exceeding great reward.
 7. Yet know that when our labour's done,
To God the praise is due ;—
Unless he give the rain and sun,
No harvest will ensue.
-

HYMN FOR SERMON XXIII. C. M.

The danger in neglecting the great salvation.—Heb. ii. 3.

THE law of forms which angels spake
From Sinai's mountain giv'n,
Israel could not with safety break,
But felt the wrath of heav'n.

2. A solemn warning thence we draw,
And Scripture gives it weight,
If thus severe were Moses' law,
What now, the sinner's state ?
3. The great salvation Christ proclaim'd,
And seal'd it with his blood ;
Neglecting this, we stand condemn'd,
Te fiercer wrath from God.
4. Worthy of God, this love to worms,
And great, our souls confess ;

The Father plans—the Son performs—
The spirit seals the grace.

HYMN XXIII. L. M.

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

WHAT awful words our thoughts control !
Sinner, the question speaks to thee—
It is as weighty as the soul,
As solemn as eternity.

2. If thou, contemptuous of thy God,
In stupid unbelief, neglect
The great salvation bought with blood—
What but the wrath of heaven expect ?

3. Sinners redeem'd from death and hell,
Divinely pardon'd—wash'd in blood ;
To glory rais'd, in heaven to dwell,
Must own salvation is from God.

4. Oh, shall we then like stubborn Jews,
Blind to our guilt, and deaf to grace,
The great Salvation still refuse,
Harden in sin, and cherish peace ?

5. But such the guilt—how dread the doom,
That unbelieving men incur—
Who, thoughtless of the world to come,
The joys of earth to heaven prefer !

6. Sinners now ripen fast for death,
And make their own destruction sure ;
How can they 'scape, devoid of faith,
Or how eternal wrath endure ?

HYMN FOR SERMON XXIV. C. M.

Sinners urged to flee immediately to Christ.—Gen. xix. 17.

SEE righteous Lot, though much inclin'd
To rest on Sodom's ground—
Yet could no place of refuge find,
Within its utmost bound.

2. “*Escape for life*”—the angel cried,
“*Thy deep regret is vain* ;

Haste to the mountain, speed thy flight,
Nor tarry in the plain."

3. In language such, God speaks to men,
And like the midnight cry,
Make no delay—escape from sin,
Quick flee to Christ, or die.
 4. Yet still we linger, loth to leave
The place we most desire ;
Till God extends his hand to save,
And plucks us from the fire.
 5. Learn wisdom hence, ye careless throng,
To Christ repair in haste ;
Your pleas will fail you, they are wrong,
And lies, your hiding place.
 6. Let those who have for refuge fled,
The mount of safety gain'd,
Humbly ascribe to Christ their head,
The grace they have attain'd.
-

HYMN FOR SERMON XXV. C. M.

Free grace rejected by the proud heart.—2 Kings v. 12.

As in a clear reflecting glass,
From all deception free,
The sinner here, in Naaman's case,
May his own image see.

2. Though hell-deserving, sin-diseas'd,
And threat'ning death is nigh,
Yet, with the Gospel so displeas'd,
His heart will not comply.
3. The terms are easy, rich in grace—
He cannot stoop so low,
As to renounce his righteousness,
And idol self forego.
4. But when the Lord his arm reveals,
The sinner's pride is slain ;
The blood of Christ the leper heals,
And makes him whole again.
5. Glory to God whose sovereign grace
Our enmity subdues,

Brings down salvation to our race,
And carnal hearts renewes.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXVI. C. M.

The awakened sinner's relapse.—Matt. xii. 43—45.

THE sinner spoil'd of carnal peace,
With guilt and fears distress'd,
Walks demon-like, through desert ways,
In fruitless search of rest.

2. Anxious, he reads, he prays, resolves,
Determin'd on relief;
But every selfish step involves
His soul in deeper grief.

3. He looks with envy on the saints,
But not to gain their peace;
He looks in vain—his courage faints,
His resolutions cease.

4. "Why all my joys resign," he cries,
"With constant fears be vex'd?
Why add this life of miseries,
To torments of the next?

5. To urge this irksome task I'll cease,
My former course resume,
Nor sacrifice all present peace,
For joys beyond the tomb."

6. 'Tis done:—in sev'n fold hardness bound,
He lives and dies accrû'd,
And his last state, alas, is found,
More wretched than the first.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXVII. L. M.

Conviction of sin by the law.—Rom. vii. 13.

How perfect is the holy law,
Commanding love to God and men;
'Tis thence the rules of life we draw;—
These to our inmost thoughts extend.

2. The character of God it shows,
The nature and the guilt of sin;

Proud confidence in self o'erthrows,
And slays the hopes of carnal men.

3. It is the Spirit's sword to pierce
The heart too hard to fear or love ;
Makes conscience tremble at the curse,
Which Jesus only can remove.

4. The promise and the threat'ning sure,
“ Severely just, immensely good ;”
The sanctions, firm as heaven endure,
For Christ its honours, seal'd with blood.

HYMN XXVII. *As the 146th Psalm. P. M.*

Conviction of sin by the law.

THE law is holy, just, and good,
Binding on men of every blood,
Its precepts to our thoughts extend ;
It is th' eternal rule of right,
The path of duty and delight,
Commanding love to God and men.

2. Coeval with th' Almighty's throne,
The law his character makes known,
“ Severely just, immensely good ;”
The promise and the threat'ning sure,
Its sanctions firm as heaven endure,
For Christ its honours seal'd with blood.

3. The law with terror, conscience arms,
Convicts of sin, the soul alarms,
And wakes the sinner's anxious cries ;
When the commandment comes, he feels
Those wounds the Saviour only heals,
Then sin revives—like Paul, he dies.

4. O God convict us by thy law,
Our stubborn hearts t' obedience draw,
And pardon what our hands have done ;
May we renounce our righteousness,
Build all our hope on sovereign grace,
And find acceptance in thy Son.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXVIII. C. M.

Conversion.—Matt. xviii. 3.

CHRIST's faithful word, his solemn pledge
 For ever shall endure,
 He, both the Saviour, and the Judge,
 Hath seal'd the sentence sure.

2. " Except converted, born anew,
 Like children you become,
 My kingdom hath no place for you,
 Nor heav'n a final home."

3. In vain for outward sins we mourn,
 Or change from sect to sect ;
 Unless from *love* of sin we turn,
 Nor hope, nor heav'n expect.

4. The carnal heart, to sin so prone,
 The gospel will refuse ;
 The mighty power of God alone,
 The stubborn will subdues.

5. Wondrous the change !—the man now tame,
 His temper humble, mild—
 The lion fierce, becomes a lamb—
 The rebel born a child.

6. How rich the gift !—thro' grace it flows—
 By Christ procur'd and giv'n ;—
 It saves us from eternal woes,
 And makes us heirs of Heav'n.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXIX. L. M.

The Sanction of the Gospel.—Mark xvi. 16.

BEHOLD the grace of Zion's King,
 What rich provision he hath made !
 Th' apostles' solemn charge we sing ;—
 Hear what th' ascending Saviour said.

2. " To you this high command I give,
 Go preach my Gospel far and nigh,
 He that believes in me shall live—
 The unbelieving sinner die."

3. Faith is th' appointed term of grace,
 Reason and conscience well approve ;

It brings to Christ deserved praise,
And recompense to dying love.

4. It purifies the mental sight,
With peace and joy inspires the breast ;
Makes duty pleasant—trials light,
And fits the soul for heavenly rest.

5. Not so the unbeliever's heart,
He is a vassal sold to sin ;
The gospel hates—bids Christ depart,
Not heaven itself his love can win.

6. Hence from our souls afar be driv'n,
This foe of Christ, proud unbelief ;
By faith we take, with thanks to heav'n
The gift of God—eternal life.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXX. L. M.

Reconciliation to God.—2 Cor. v. 20.

WITH joy and wonder let us trace
The condescension of our God ;—
Vast as his nature is his grace,
Wide as creation, spread abroad.

2. That the offended God Most High,
In terms of grace and mercy mild,
Should lay his awful thunders by,
And pray us to be reconcil'd !

3. That Christ his Son, to heal the breach,
And rescue men by sin defil'd,
Should by his ministers beseech
Proud sinners to be reconcil'd !

4. Surely our hearts must now relent,
Though long by unbelief beguil'd ;
The voice of Jesus cries, “ Repent,
To God you must be reconcil'd.”

5. Hear, O my soul, to Christ submit,
From love and duty as a child ;
Lay down thy weapons at his feet,
And to thy God be reconcil'd.

6. Immensely great the blessings giv'n
The pure, the humble, the revil'd ;

Sweet peace on earth, and thrones in heav'n,
To all the truly reconcil'd.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXXI. C. M.

The sovereign operation of the Spirit.—John iii. 8.

WE wait upon our blessed Lord,
Like Nicodemus sit,
And listen to his gracious word,
Full of instruction sweet.

2. To understand the second birth,
Our reason tries in vain;
Jesus alone, by things on earth,
The myst'ry can explain.

3. “ The varying winds in currents blow—
Ye hear them and discern ;—
But whence they come, or whither go,
Exceeds your skill to learn.”

4. Thus, when the gospel is reveal'd,
God's image to restore,
The change is great—the cause conceal'd ;
’Tis by the Spirit's power.

HYMN XXXI. L. M.

The sovereign operation of the Spirit.

THE grace of God to all is free,
By none deserv'd, by none procur'd ;
His hand we own, but cannot see,
The work is by effects assur'd.

2. And like the penetrating wind,
The Spirit all the heart pervades,
Gives life and light, by power divine,
Renews and cleanses and persuades.

3. Here our eternal hope is built,
On sovereign grace our souls rely ;
The Saviour's blood can cleanse from guilt,
The Spirit only can apply.

4. Eternal Spirit, sovereign power,
Subdue our hearts, our souls revive ;

We own thy hand, thy grace implore,
Oh, speak the word, and bid us live.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXXII. C. M.

The change by regeneration, joyful, great, and glorious.

Isaiah iv. 12, 13.

Of all the changes, great and rare,
Which mark this changing earth ;—
None with conversion may compare,—
The mystic, second birth.

2. It is the work of God alone,
And by his Spirit wrought ;—
The power, the grace of Christ his Son,
Exceed our highest thought.

3. 'T is joyful, great, and glorious too,
The fruit of God's own plan ;
It brings the grace of Christ to view,
And hope to dying man.

4. The soul awakes from sin, and death,
With joys that never cease—
Transported draws immortal breath,
And runs the path of peace.

HYMN XXXII. L. M.

The change by regeneration, &c.

No more the sinner seeks with pain,
For empty pleasures raves and roams,
The wretched captive breaks his chain,
The brute transform'd, a man becomes—

2. A man of God—a child—a saint,
An heir possess'd of heavenly claim ;—
A broken hearted penitent,
A humble follow'r of the Lamb.

3. Where grew the brier and noxious thorn,
Now beauteous firs and myrtles rise,
And charms like those of op'ning morn,
With wonder strike our ravish'd eyes.

4. Hark ! how the sounds seraphic ring,
Creation all in rapture stands ;

For joy the hills and mountains sing,
And waving forests clap their hands.

5. Oh for this rich, this boundless grace,
Eternal thanks to God belong ;
Let saints their hearts and voices raise,
And holy angels swell the song.

HYMN XXXII. As the 148th Psalm. P. M.

The change by regeneration.

How great the change by grace,
How happy to the soul ;
Which makes our sins to cease,
Our ruin'd nature whole !

With joy we pass from death to life,
And peace succeeds to care and strife.

2. Nature herself combines
Her varied energies,
And earth rejoicing joins
The chorus of the skies.

Mountains and hills their carols ply,—
Trees clap their hands in concert high.

3. Where once the brier and thorn,
Oppress'd the barren land,
Now beauteous firs adorn,
And fragrant myrtles stand.

Creation wakes—new smiles assumes,
And desert earth, like Eden blooms.

4. Such are the wonders view'd,
In nature's second birth,
The reign of sin subdu'd,
And heaven enjoy'd on earth.

A God is seen of grace and power,
And raptures felt unknown before.

5. The sinner rais'd from death,
And dress'd in righteousness,
Now draws immortal breath,
And shouts redeeming grace.

The saints in songs their voices raise,
And raptur'd angels join their lays.

6. Glory to God on high,
Now let his praise abound ;
Through heaven the echo fly,

Through earth the notes resound.
For saints shall reign on thrones above
Eternal monuments of love.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXXIII. L. M.

A Revival.—Acts viii. 8.

GREAT was the day, a feast of love,
When Jesus shed his grace abroad,
And in his Gospel-chariot drove
O'er Shechem's unfrequented road.

2. The word in spirit, and with pow'r,
Was by the holy Philip preach'd ;
Samaria heard and bless'd the hour,
The Gospel had their city reach'd.

3. Great is the triumph, high the joy,
When God his gracious arm reveals ;
Let men their thankful songs employ,
For still the Lord in Zion dwells.

4. God of revivals, e'er the same,
Eternal King of earth and heav'n ;
Our praise we offer to thy name,
For, here thy power and grace are giv'n.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXXIV. S. M.

Delusion and false peace.—Jer. vi. 14.

To heal the wounds of sin,
And solid comfort gain,
How num'rous are the arts of men ;—
But all their arts are vain.

2. The truth to them unknown,
They're strangers to their guilt ;
And when to conscience, truth is told,
It's not believ'd, or felt.

3. In blinding pride, they walk,
With fearless steps and fast,
And while of peace and safety talk,
To sure destruction haste.

4. Their chosen teachers too,
In pois'nous flatt'ry-deal ;
With smooth deceit their vot'ries woo,
And speed their course to hell.

5. What words can pride detect,
And break this cursed chain ;
At once the cause, and the effect
Of being left in sin ?
6. With guilt and grief impress'd,
Lord may I deeply feel,
No balsam but the blood of Christ,
The wounds of sin can heal.
-

HYMN FOR SERMON XXXV. S. M.

The test of grace.—John xii. 25.

- A QUESTION great is brought,
Which agitates my breast,
Am I indeed a child of God,
By Jesus own'd and bless'd ?
2. To solve this doubtful theme,
Hear what our Lord declar'd ;—
“ Thy love to me must be supreme,
No object else prefer'd.
3. Who only loves his soul,
Shall lose it in the end ;
And he who loves me more than all,
To glory shall ascend.”
4. The selfish hopes of men,
In forms and actions fair,
In raptures felt, or visions seen,
Will issue in despair.
-

HYMN XXXV. C. M.

The test of grace.

- A SOLEMN pause to selfish pride,
Now let the rule apply ;
Passion and prejudice aside,
And only truth be nigh.
2. Is thus supreme my love to Christ,—
The world and self denied ?
Is more than life his int'rest priz'd,
Or every thing beside ?
3. Sit down my anxious lab'ring soul,
Be calm and self-possess'd ;
Thy vain desires and thoughts control,
And bring them to the test.

4. Then let us all devoutly pray,
O Lord, "thy kingdom come"—
Thy holy word direct our way,
Thy Spirit bring us home.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXXVI. C. M.

Coming out from the world.—2 Cor. vi. 17.

" COME out my people," saith the Lord,
" Be sep'rate from the world ;
List in my service, grasp the sword,
My banner is unfurl'd.

2. Your souls from sin and hell redeem'd,
Are wash'd in precious blood ;
Now keep your garments white and clean,
Be holy as your God.

3. The honour of my cause demands,
As conscience fully knows,
For sure it ill becomes my friends
To mingle with my foes."

4. Then to the Lord in cov'nant cleavè.
For thus the promise runs,
" You as a Father I'll receive
My daughters and my sons."

PAUSE.

5. Christ's kingdom is oppos'd to earth,
In nature and commands ;
His subjects are of heavenly birth,
And pure their hearts and hands.

6. Shall they by Christ, thus dearly bought,
Their sacred bonds disown,
Conceal the favours he hath wrought,
And never make them known ?

7. Oh, shall the Saviour's friends rebel,
Asham'd to own his cause ;
Still in the camp of satan dwell,
And trample on his laws ?

8. Let all, whose hearts have known his grace,
His sacred cause espouse,
Before the world his name confess,
And seal their cov'nant vows.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXXVII. C. M.

Covenanting with God.—Deut. v. 27—29.

THE tribes of Israel struck with awe,

At Sinai's mountain stood;

They there receiv'd the holy law,

And heard the voice of God.

2. "Moses, attend the heavenly court"

With quiv'ring lips they say;

"God's high commands to us report,

We'll hear them and obey."

3. Their solemn vow the Lord approv'd,

He listen'd to their voice;

For Israel was by him belov'd,

The people of his choice.

4. "Oh, serve thy God with heart sincere,

And ne'er forsake my way;

My holv law with rev'rence hear,

With love unfeign'd obey.

5. Then safely trust my promis'd grace,

The covenant is sure,

And richest blessings to thy race,

For ever shall endure."

6. And thus to after-times, he hath

The rule of duty giv'n,

Through life to smooth our rugged path,

And guide our steps to heav'n.

HYMN FOR SERMON XXXVIII. S. M.

Converts added to the Church.—Isaiah lx. 8

OUR hearts and hands we raise,

In wonder and surprise;

With such demands of joy and praise,

We scarce believe our eyes.

2. Converts as clouds appear;—

And *who are these?*—we cry—

Like hast'ning doves that sweep the air

And *to their windows* fly?

3 They are the fruits of grace,

And wash'd in Jesus' blood;

They come, their Saviour to confess,

And own their gracious God.

4. They once, were dead in sin,
And blind to Gospel-light ;
Devoid of love to God or men,
They treated Christ with spite.
5. But, quicken'd by his word,
And influence from above,
They rais'd to life, to sight restor'd,
Now shout redeeming love.
6. Oh for this work of God,
The grace and mercy giv'n,
With joy we'll spread his praise abroad,
And raise our songs to heav'n.
-

HYMN FOR SERMON XXXIX. L. M.

The reasons of hope to be given.—1 Peter iii. 15.

- I**n principle and practice both,
Christianity the same appears ;
Faith is the tree of heav'nly growth,
Good works perform'd, the fruit it bears.
2. Is grace implanted in the heart ?
'Twill sanctify the Lord above ;
The honours of his name assert ;—
For faith will ever work by love.
3. Christians, to each and all who ask,
On what is built their hope of heav'n ?
May not, o'eraw'd, decline the task ;—
The reason must be promptly giv'n ;
4. But in a kind and modest air,
With fear and meekness, free from strife ;
Convincing and convinc'd, declare
“ Christ is my only hope of life.”
-

HYMN XXXIX. *As the 122d Psalm. P. M.**The reasons of hope to be given.*

- How beauteous and how fair
The Christian character,
The brightest ornament of soul ;
The fruits—the righteous tree,
Though twain, in kind agree,
And form a grand, consistent whole.
2. The reigning grace within,
That purifies from sin,

And moves to sanctify the Lord ;
 The outward works which flow,
 Like streams will clearly show,
 Their fountain is his holy word.

3. Thus by the heart and life,
 The saint, to silence strife,
 And every cav'ling mouth to stop ;
 Ready whene'er requir'd
 To all by whom desir'd,
 Must give the reason of his hope.

4. Oh, let us ever seek,
 With resolution meek,
 To honour Christ our heav'nly King ;—
 His cause on earth promote,
 Our all to him devote,
 And live his praise, as well as sing.

HYMN FOR SERMON XL. C. M.

Assurance of hope the duty and privilege of Christians.
 Luke x. 20.

THANKS to thy name Eternal God—
 We offer humble praise ;
 That faith may trust in Jesus' blood,
 And glory in his grace.

2. That, *Hope*, fair daughter of the skies,
 The grace of saints below,
 May with increasing strength arise,
 And to assurance grow.

3. To know our calling from above,
 Sufficient means are giv'n ;
 That our poor names, electing love
 Hath register'd in heav'n.

4. No triumph can this hope excel,
 Such confidence restore ;
 Though all th' apostate hosts of hell
 Were subject to our power.

5. This will the joys of heav'n inspire,
 'Twill smooth our rugged path ;
 Quicken the pulse of pure desire,
 And cheer the vale of death.

6. O may the rich, th' immortal prize,
 Our souls with ardour fire ;

Onward to press with longing eyes,
And run and never tire.

HYMN FOR SERMON XLI. S. M.

A caution to backsliders.—Heb. iii. 12, 13.

AND must the heirs of God
And children of the day,
Be caution'd not to leave their road,
Or loiter by the way?

2. Alas they must—they are—
(A humbling truth indeed)
The voice of God awakens fear,
And cries to all—*take heed.*

3. Of treach'rous hearts beware,
They're evil, faithless, blind;—
Flee every hidden dang'rous snare,
To which you are inclin'd.

4. Refuse the hard'ning peace,
Hate sin's deceitful charm;
Lest the dread truths of God should cease
Your conscience to alarm.

5. Each other *now* exhort,
Nor wait to-morrow's light;
The day flies swiftly—life is short—
To-morrow may be—night.

HYMN FOR SERMON XLII. C. M.

A solemn warning to hypocrites.—Luke xiii. 25—27.

SURE 'tis a solemn warning giv'n
By Christ th' Almighty Lord;
Let hypocrites by terror driv'n,
Now tremble at his word.

2. His day of patience soon will close,
The hour of judgment come,
When he will call his secret foes,
To hear their final doom.

3. When once the Master of the house,
In wrath is risen up;—
Too late are tears, or pray'rs, or vows,—
A long farewell to hope.

4. "Open to us," they cry in vain,
And knock with earnest claim—
"Thy fairest follow'rs we have been,
On earth profess'd thy name.
5. Before thine altar we have bow'd,
And with thy church commun'd :
Thy gospel honour'd—alms bestow'd ;
In praise our voices tun'd."
6. Then shall they hear with bursting heart,
His words of awful ire,
"I know you not—from me depart
To everlasting fire."
-

HYMN FOR SERMON XLIII. L. M.

Christ's diligence, our example.—John ix. 4.

WHEN Christ on earth, our pattern drew,
What was his motto, what his way ?
" My Father's work I must pursue,
Till death and darkness close the day."

2. In early life his bosom glow'd,
With zeal for God, with grace to man ;
His Father's service was his food,
And love through all his actions ran.

3. Unwearied thus, he persever'd,
Mid persecution, meek and mild ;
The suff'rors' cries he always heard,
And pitied those, by whom revil'd.

4. Lord may thy bright example be
Our constant rule ;—our hearts dispose
To tread thy path of piety,
Till mortal life and labours close.

5. Soon comes the night—the wings of time,
With rapid pinions speed their flight ;—
Our work begun in hours of prime,
Oh may we finish ere 'tis night.

6. Ye idlers look, who never knew
The work, the bliss of doing good ;—
His motto choose—his path pursue,
And like the Saviour, live for God.

HYMN FOR SERMON XLIV. C. M.

The Christian's dwelling-house, or Family Religion.—

Deut. vi. 9.

FATHER, thy name I now invoke
 Thy heavenly grace implore ;—
 To thee my heart, my house devote,
 And ope to thee my door.

2. Oh, to my weakness, strength impart,
 To serve thee evermore,

And let thy law within my heart,
 Be written on my door.

3. Now may thy Holy Spirit come
 Thy richest gifts to pour ;
 Thy presence hallow every room,
 And consecrate each door.

4. Grant me thy grace, Almighty Lord,
 To keep my dwelling pure,
 Let every sin, by God abhor'd,
 Be banish'd from my door.

5. In daily prayer, with bended knee,
 My house shall God adore ;
 And FAMILY RELIGION be
 The sign upon my door.

PAUSE.

6. Like faithful Abra'm may I see
 Thy blessing on my store,
 And happy children train'd for thee,
 Christ's lambs within my door.

7. The weary pilgrim, kindred mind,
 Although unknown before,
 A hospitable rest shall find
 Within my welcome door.

8. And when for aid the needy cries,
 The houseless hungry poor,
 His humble suit I'll not despise,
 Nor thrust him from my door.

9. If Christ shall dwell beneath my roof,
 And tread my humble floor ;
 Contented, I will cry—*enough*,—
 And write it on my door.

10. Thus let me taste thy cov'nant love,—
 On earth I want no more—
 Then enter heav'n, thy house above,
 By Christ the only door.

HYMN FOR SERMON XLV. S. M.

The wilderness march, or Emblem of the Christian life.

Numb. x. 12.

- THE cloud now rais'd again,
 The camp of Israel pass
 From Sinai's mount, where long they'd lain,
 To Paran's Wilderness.
2. Though chang'd in form and name ;—
 Then young and like a child,
 The church of Christ is still the same,
 As when 'twas in the wild.
3. 'Tis in a desert now,
 Though greater light is giv'n ;—
 The path of every saint is through
 A wilderness to heav'n.
4. A dry and barren ground,
 This world hath ever been ;
 Where noxious briars and thorns are found,
 Nor fruits, nor flow'rs are seen.
5. The path is wash'd with tears,
 Such sins and grief abound ;
 Our feet are caught in hidden snares,
 And deadly foes surround.
6. Unseen, unknown the path,
 By reason's feeble ray ;
 Whene'er we cease to walk by faith,
 We wander from the way.
-

HYMN XLV. C. M.

The wilderness march, or Emblem of the Christian life.

- IN Israel's rest, and weary march,
 Is much instruction giv'n ;
 An emblem of the Christian Church,
 Her warfare, and her Heav'n.
2. Some sudden transient gleams of light,
 Now dart across our way—

- Alternate scenes of day and night,
Our hopes or fears allay.
3. Such is the constant Christian race,
In every age and clime;
From wilderness to wilderness,
Until the end of time.
4. But thanks to God, our eyes behold,
Our hearts with pleasure view ;
What kings and righteous men of old,
Believ'd, but never knew.
5. It is the glorious reign of grace,
The day of Zion's joy ;—
Glad Christians quit the wilderness,
And songs their voice employ.
6. Now, Lord, thy gracious arm reveal,
And let thy gospel run ;
Till every land and isle shall feel
The triumphs of thy Son.
-

HYMN XLV. *As the 148th Psalm. P. M.*

The wilderness march, or Emblem of the Christian life.

THE signal trump was blown
The cloud was rais'd again,
The camp of Israel soon,
Were all in motion seen :—
From Sinai's mount they onward press'd,
And pitch'd in Paran's wilderness.

2. The same, we find by search,
Was then the child unripe ;
The man's the Gospel church,
The Jewish was a type
Of brighter days and future bliss ;—
The church was in a wilderness.

3. This world hath ever been,
And such design'd to be,
To pure and pious men,
Who walk, O Lord, with thee ;—
A foreign shore, a desert place,
A darksome, dreary wilderness.

4. Through what a wretched land,
This pilgrimage of ours !

No cooling streams at hand,
 No cheering fruits or flow'rs—
 Mid prickly thorns, and sharp distress,
 We walk this barren wilderness.

5. Our way with tears is wet
 Such grievous ills abound ;
 While snares our feet beset,
 And foes and fears surround ;
 Fierce lions roar, and adders hiss—
 Oh, what a dang'rous wilderness !

6. 'Tis dark and pathless too ;—
 Unless a heavenly ray
 Directs our passage through,
 And guide us on the way ;
 Our homeward course we sure shall miss,
 And perish in the wilderness.

PAUSE.

7. Some streaks of light between,
 The darksome path pervade ;
 Our life's a checker'd scene
 Of twilight and of shade.
 And still our course, for ever is
 From wilderness to wilderness.

8. The desert Israel trod,
 And all their weary march,
 Designed were by God,
 As emblems of his church ;—
 This mark attends it, all confess,
 From wilderness to wilderness.

9. Now trace throughout their state,
 And every Christian trace ;
 Both those of ancient date,
 And those of modern days—
 The same is found—they still progress,
 From wilderness to wilderness.

10. But now the cloud is rais'd,
 The Gospel trumpet sounds,
 The Saviour's name be prais'd,
 His glorious grace abounds ;
 Rise, Christians, rise, to vict'ry press,
 Come out and leave the wilderness.

11. The manna falls in show'rs,
 'Tis thick around your tents,

And God his Spirit pours,
To quicken all his saints ;—
New Converts shout redeeming grace,
And flow'rs adorn the wilderness.

12. Are present joys so sweet—
How rich th' eternal feast?
Onward with steady feet,
March to the promis'd rest :
Then see your God, your Saviour's face,
And bid farewell the wilderness.

HYMN FOR SERMON XLVI. C. M.

*The Millennium approaching, or The duty and prospects
of Zion.—Micah iv. 18.*

THE King of grace now greets his friends—
Ye sons of Zion hear !
Duty with potent voice commands,
And bright'ning prospects cheer.
2. “ Awake to zeal unfelt before,
With wonder and surprise
Your foes like sheaves are on the floor ;—
To vig'rous action rise.

3. Abundant means I will supply
My grace those means shall crown ;
With strength opposers to defy,
And beat their malice down.

4. Fear not the lack of corn or wine,
Ye soldiers of the cross—
The silver and the gold are mine
And mine the holy cause

5. Misers shall ope their hidden store,
With lib'ral hands afford ;
Nations their wealth in off'rings pour,
A tribute to the Lord.

6. Arm'd with my promise and my pow'r,
In speed and courage march ;
And I'll extend to every shore,
The vict'ries of my church.”

PAUSE.

7. “ My glorious Gospel shall be known
To Adam's num'rous race ;

Earth's kingdoms all my sceptre own,
Subdu'd by sovereign grace."

8. How sweet the harp—the prophet's fire,
Which all these wonders sings !

The musick of an angel's lyre,
Sounds not from sweeter strings.

9. Let faith, and hope, and love preside,
While all our hands we raise ;
Our hearts and treasures open wide,
And every voice be praise.

HYMN FOR SERMON XLVII. L. M.

The remorse of the wicked in hell.—Prov. v. 11, 12.

HARK ! from the yawning pit below,
What sounds terrific pain the ear ?
They are the groans of endless woe,
The bitter wailings of despair.

2. " My flesh lies mould'ring in the grave,
My soul in hell's dark prison bound ;
No Christ to pity or to save,
No pard'ning God will e'er be found.

3. How have I hated heavenly truth,
A Saviour's dying love abus'd—
'Gainst God rebell'd from earliest youth,
And mercy to the last refus'd !"

4. May we believe, but never know
The mis'ries of the world to come ;
And while we sing those scenes of woe,
Be God our Father—Heaven our home.

HYMN FOR SERMON XLVIII. L. M.

The happiness of Heaven.—Rev. vii. 9—12.

Now rent the veil—the curtains rise,
And light divine to faith restor'd,
Heaven opens on our ravish'd eyes,
By revelation of the Lord.

2. A countless host—O glorious sight !
From every tribe collected, stands
In shining robes of purest white,
And palms of vict'ry in their hands.

3. Hark ! how the saints in glory sing
 Echo their strains, and learn the song ;
 Sweet psalt'ries, harps, and cymbals ring ;—
 Let distant earth the sound prolong.

4. The church triumphant, bought with blood,
 Circling the throne with loud acclaim ;
 Now shout “ Salvation to our God,
 And to the bleeding, conqu'ring Lamb.”

PAUSE I.

5. Amen—responding angels cry,
 Enraptur'd clap their golden wings ;
 With heavenly fire, in praises high,
 Each tuneful seraph, burns and sings.

6. “ Eternal thanks to God be giv'n,
 Honour, and praise, and worship paid ;
 By all the hosts of earth and heav'n,
 Through all the worlds his hands have made.”

7. But saints, dear kindred of the Son,
 And by his blood redeem'd from hell,
 Shall stand the nearest to the throne,
 And sweetest notes of glory swell.

8. Their song unrivall'd—ever new—
 The joy, the praise, are theirs alone ;
 Angels can sing and worship too,
 But dying love have never known.

PAUSE II.

9. Releas'd from all their toil and woe,
 The saints shall view God's vast designs ;
 Through all their pilgrimage below,
 How bright the grace of Jesus shines.

10. Hail happy state in heaven above,
 Where peace and joy for ever roll ;
 And God's fair image, perfect love,
 Expands and brightens on the soul.

11. No more temptations vex the mind,
 No more with pain and sin distress'd ;
 Their labours o'er—the pilgrims find,
 In heav'n, a sweet, eternal rest.

12. Rise then my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Upward to Christ and glory rise ;
 Rejoicing leave all meaner things,
 And soar to mansions in the skies.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.



HYMN I. L. M.

*Written for the 2d Centurial Anniversary of the landing
of the New-England Fathers at Plymouth, 1620.*

PART I.

God of our fathers, Zion's King,
With eye propitious now behold,
While in thy courts, thy praise we sing,
And celebrate thy works of old.

2. When Israel, 'scap'd from Pharaoh's hand,
Through seas and deserts bent their way ;
God was their guide to Canaan's land,
Their fire by night, their cloud by day.

3. When sixteen cent'ries had roll'd round,
Since Jesus bore the sinner's load ;
A new and western world was found,
A refuge for the church of God.

4. Like Israel too, New-England's sires,
By cruel persecution driven,
Through dearths and deserts, seas and fires,
Follow'd the guiding hand of Heaven.

5. Religion bore their spirits up,
And smooth'd the roughness of their road ;
Faith was their shield—their anchor, hope,
Their wealth—the Bible and their God.

6. To heaven their home, their prayer ascends.
For pilgrims were they on the earth ;
Exil'd from country, kindred, friends,
They sought the country of their birth.

7. For this they plough'd the wint'ry main,
And brav'd the dangers of the deep ;
Cheerful and patient under pain,
For Christ was with them in the ship.

PART II.

Now on Columbia's savage coast,
Escap'd from shipwreck and from storm :

Behold the feeble, shiv'ring host,
Their pious hearts alone were warm.

2. Heroic souls ! New-England's pride,
Who could for us all dangers brave ;
They toil'd, they pray'd, they bled, they died,
Nor found their rest, but in the grave.

3. But thou, O God, wast with them still,
Their toils and patience to approve ;
Thy faithful promise to fulfil,
And pour the blessings of thy love.

4. This little vine thou didst defend,
And water with rich show'rs of grace,
Its clust'ring branches wide extend,
The pilgrims' num'rous, happy race.

5. With grateful hearts and joyful eyes,
We hail the standard, they unfurl'd ;
Oh, bid the Church's seed to rise,
And fill with fruit, th' astonish'd world.

6. Look down, O Lord, and grant that we,
Beloved for our fathers' sake,
Through Christ, may thy salvation see,
And of thy Cov'nant love partake.

7. Let us their sons, thy praise acclaim,
The God our fathers lov'd adore ;
Our children's children fear thy name,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN II. C. M.

To be sung at the opening of a Sabbath School.

WITHIN these walls again we meet,
Athirst for heavenly truth ;
Make thine instruction, Lord, complete,
To guide our wayward youth.

2. Young pupils in Emmanuel's school,
Thy teaching much we need ;
Help us to learn the Gospel rule,
And practise what we read.

3. Open the treasure of thy word,
That all our hearts may see,

The truth and glory of the Lord,
With love supreme to thee.

4. As kindred spirits join'd in love,
We seek our Father's face ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with grace.
 5. Our mem'ries strengthen to retain
What we have treasur'd up ;
And aid our growing faith to gain
Increasing strength of hope.
 6. Saviour divine, to thee we look,
To thee our voices raise ;
Oh let us make thy Holy Book,
Our guide through all our days.
-

HYMN III. L. M.

To be sung at the close of a Sabbath School.

FOR this delightful season, Lord,
Again to hear and learn thy word,
Accept the tribute of our heart,
And grant thy blessing when we part.

2. How sweet the hours with thee we spend,
Almighty Saviour, heavenly Friend,—
While feasting on thy word, we find,
A treasure for th' immortal mind.
3. O precious Bible ! gift of Heav'n !
Free grace revealing—sins forgiv'n,—
How Jesus pitied, lov'd, and died,
And cleans'd us from his bleeding side.
4. Here Mercy's streams to all below,
From this exhaustless fountain flow ;
To sinners peace, and pardon give,
How kind the terms—*believe and live.*
5. Lord, we believe, our faith increase,
And fill our souls with heavenly peace ;
Our guide through life, thy word shall be,
And all our trust repos'd in thee.
6. Make us, O Lord, thy faithful care,
Thy Spirit grant, our souls prepare,
To sing in nobler strains above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

HYMN IV. L. M.

For a Marriage occasion.

KIND Parent of our fallen race,
Who form'd our minds for social joys ;
Our hearts replenish with thy grace,
And tune to praise, our cheerful voice.

2. Adam when erst in Eden plac'd,
Though Lord of earth alone he stood ;
Creation view'd a dreary waste,
While in the gloom of solitude.

3. The marriage rite, thou didst ordain,
And bless our father with a bride ;
Fair Eve to solace every pain,
His joys to swell, his cares divide.

4. The nuptial feast our Saviour bless'd,
And show'd his glorious pow'r divine ;
In Cana, where a bidden guest,
He chang'd the water into wine.

5. Saviour divine, thy presence grant ;
Without thee all our joys are vain ;
From thy rich grace, supply each want,
Nor let our pleasures end in pain.

6. Bless, gracious Lord, this wedded pair,
Whose hearts and hands are join'd in one ;
Make them, through life, thy constant care,
And guide them safe to glory home.

HYMN V. L. M.

Another for the same.

WITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays,
We bow before th' eternal throne,
And offer up our humble praise
To Him whose name is God, alone.

2. On this auspicious eve draw near,
And shed thy richest blessings down ;
Fill every heart with love sincere,
And all thy faithful mercies crown.

3. When first our race on earth began,
Thy will the marriage rite ordain'd

Most kindly form'd a help for man,
And said be *one*, ye wedded *twain*.

4. Though sin hath since despoil'd our good,
And death and darkness spread around ;
Jesus our blessings hath renew'd,
And joys connubial still abound.

5. Now grant thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent prayer ;
The nuptial vow in heaven record,
And bless the newly wedded pair.

6. Mid all the cares of life and love,
Oh guide them safe the desert through ;
And when from earth thou bidst remove,
In perfect bliss their joys renew.

HYMN VI. Eights and Nines.

A prayer for a Child.

FATHER in Heaven, I bow before thee,
And humbly supplicate thy throne ;
Thy Spirit grant, that I may adore thee,
And worship thee my God alone.

2. I am thy weak, thy worthless creature,
Dependent on thy sovereign grace—
Renew my fallen sinful nature,
Thine image on my heart impress.

3. My countless sins, O Lord, forgive me,
Through the blood of Christ my Saviour ;
And to thine arms of love receive me,
That I may serve and praise thee ever.

4. How num'rous are thy mercies, Lord,
How rich thy goodness shown to me !
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For all I am, or hope to be.

5. Send thy good Spirit down, I pray thee,
To sanctify and cleanse my heart,
That I sincerely may obey thee,
And never from thy law depart.

6. Through future life in ease or pain,
Let me a constant true believer,
Seek the immortal prize to gain,
And live to die—then live for ever.

HYMN VII.

Prayer for a little Child.

ALMIGHTY Lord
Look down on me ;—
Oh may thy Word
My treasure be.

2. My heart impress
With gratitude,
To give thee praise
For health and food.

3. For *Pa* and *Ma*,
And friends so dear,
Who make my wants,
Their daily care.

4. For Jesus Christ,
Far more than all,
Who gave his life
To save my soul.

5. My sins forgive,
For his dear sake,
And bid me live,
Thy grace partake.

6. Thy Spirit grant
To guide my ways,
To fear and serve
Thee, all my days.

7. And when my end
Of life shall be,
May I ascend
To dwell with thee.

HYMN VIII. C. M.

For Sailors' Prayer-meeting.

We hail'd the Bethel-Flag unfurl'd,
And hasten'd to the deck—
Almighty Saviour of the world,
Thy presence here we seek.

2. Oh, make thy Word our highest scope,
Our compass and our chart;

Be faith our helm, our anchor, hope,
And Heaven the destin'd port.

3. Though long untaught, neglected been,
None caring for our souls—
Yet he who died for guilty men,
From none his grace withdraws.
 4. We hear his voice—the Gospel now,
Calls every hand aboard ;
Bibles and Tracts and Preachers too,
Are sent us from the Lord.
 5. A greater danger to prevent,
Worse than a wat'ry grave,
The call of God now cries, “Repent,
Your souls from hell to save”
 6. Tempests and storms are light, compar'd,
With what our sins unfold—
No death so dreadful ever fear'd,
As shipwreck of the soul.
-

HYMN IX. 2d part. C. M.

- AND does this hope remain for me,
This promise of his word ;
“ *The abundance of the sea shall be
Converted to the Lord?* ”*
2. Sailors rejoice ; your wants are known,
And pitied by your God :
Jesus regards you from his throne,
His truth is seal'd with blood
3. When we shall sail the boist'rous deep,
No other helper near,
Close to our hearts thy Word we'll keep,
With humble, daily prayer.
4. Thy faithful promise, Lord, we plead,
Nor shall we plead in vain ;
Be this rich grace to all convey'd,
Who ride the wat'ry main.
5. By us the heavenly tidings spread,
Let Ocean roar thy praise,
And all her hardy sons be made
The children of thy grace.

* Isaiah lx. 5.

6. Be every seaman thus employ'd ;
 And ev'ry ship at sea,
 Mann'd with the servants of our God,
 A temple, Lord, for thee.
-

HYMN X.

LIBERALITY.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

It fills the heart with purest pleasure,
Is food and med'cine to the soul ;
More precious far than earthly treasure,
Blessed beyond the charms of gold—
To wipe the tear of sorrow dry,
Give freely of the bounty given ;
Than this, no virtue ranks more high,
To this th' Eternal will reply,
"Receive thy full reward in heaven."

HYMN XI. *Sevens.*

CONTENTMENT.

Godliness with contentment is great gain.

LET th' ambitious and the great
 Strive in honour's giddy chace,
 Glare in pageantry of state,
 Flaunt in all the pride of dress.

2. Why should I their wealth desire ?
 Why for splendid trifles pine ?
 I've whate'er my wants require—
 All the rest in peace resign.

3. Care's a stranger to my breast—
 I've a sovereign balm for woe ;
 Sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 Jesus seals my pardon too.

4. Free from envy, free from strife,
 Thankful for the blessings giv'n ;—
 Clear my setting sun of life,
 Peaceful close the shades of even.

THE END.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**



